his victims. He paced the floor banging upon it with his stick & talking like this:

"Come, the sooner you clear out of this, the better you'll suit me. A pack of paupers, that is what you are! Fine assets, truly! Coffins rotting away without sale, a graveyard that's become a grazing ground, a gang of convalescents that the lightning could hit, make market value!" ~~Kill.~~

So he raved on, enjoying himself. One after

another
~~one~~ my friends c
softly to the door,
pened their lids
to me & glided a
I let the old man
on. At last my poo
Cadaver rose fee
up, gathered his w
wife to his side,
~~his children in t~~
& said —

"Go, my little
dren, & you, my
daughter & my
Joseph, go forth
the old home; it
shelter, more, for
breaking hearts.
into the bleak world